

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor.

T. R. WALTON, Jr., Business Manager.

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Not at Home.

"I never," says a lady, "sent that message to the door but once, and for that once I shall not forgive myself. It was when I told my servant that morning to say 'Not at home' to whomsoever might call, except it was some intimate friend. I felt my cheeks tingle, and the girl's look surprised mortified me exceedingly. But she went about her duties and I mine, sometimes pleased that I had adopted a convenient falsehood by which I could secure to myself quiet, sometimes painfully smitten with the reproaches of conscience. Thus the day wore away, and when Mr. Lee came home he astonished me with the news that a very intimate friend was dead.

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—
A Burial of Elegance.

Western eloquence continues to improve. A Wisconsin reporter sends the following sketch. A lawyer in Milwaukee was defending a handsome young woman accused of stealing from a large, unoccupied building in the night time, and thus he spoke in conclusion: "Gentlemen of the jury—I am done. When I gaze with enraptured eyes on the matchless beauty of this virgin, on whose resplendent charms suspicion never dared to breathe—when I behold her, radiant in the glorious bloom of lustrous loveliness, which angelic sweetness might envy, but could not eclipse; before which the star on the brow of night grows pale, and the diamonds of Brazil are dim; and then reflect upon the utter undress and folly of supposing that so much beauty could expose itself to the terrors of an empty building in the cold, damp, dead of the night—when innocence like hers is hiding itself among the snowy pillows of repose, gentlemen of jury, my feelings are too overpowering for expression, and I throw her into your arms for protection against this foul charge, which the outragious malice of a disappoited suitor has invented to blast the fair name of this lovely maiden, whose smiles shall be the reward of the verdict which I know you will give." The jury acquited her without leaving their seats.

—
A Funeral.

Men left themselves apt to lapse into impudence, to say the least. In our late war, a soldier, passing over a bridge, observed a young girl lading water from the river. In the spirit of frolic and mischief, he threw a large stone, intending it should startle her by making a sudden splash. But it struck her on the head, and made a hideous wound. She fell into the river. The soldier, with an instinctive care for consequences which over its origin to the masculine sex, galloped on, seeing that he had been guilty of a wanton murder. The known consequences of his folly preyed upon his mind. His conscience was always oppressing him. Years after, when discharged from the army, he settled down in Derby. He took a public house in Bridge Gate, and after a short acquaintance with a woman of suitable age, got married. Very soon after their wedding he saw his wife rubbing her hair, and inquired how she got the great scar which disfigured one side of her head. She replied, "Some wretch of a soldier had once nearly killed her with a stone, but it ever she caught that man, she would pay him off for it." It is not recorded how she punished her husband when he confessed being her assailant, or how great was his relief when the haunting thought of a wanton murder was removed from his mind.

The Drunkard's Wilt.

I leave to society a ruined character, wrecked example, and a memory that will soon rot.

I leave to my parents, during the rest of their lives, as much sorrow as humanity in a decrepit and feeble state can sustain.

I leave my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I could conveniently bring upon them.

I leave my wife broken heart, a life of wretchedness and shame, to weep over me and my premature death.

—
A Musical Prodigy.

There is a most remarkable musical genius in Staunton in the person of little Virginia Hoge, a child yet not eight years of age. Besides being a performer of merit, she has extraordinary talent as a composer, and is never happier than when engaged in the work. She will come into the room without any preparation, and, going to the piano, will play beautiful airs of her own composition. Some of the airs have been caught and written by older persons who hear her, and are excellent compositions. Her remarkable gift has attracted the wonder of all the connoisseurs in music in the city.—[Staunton (Va.) Leader.]

In the vicinity of Spring Lick there is a woman who, at four births, has brought into the world twelve children—first, two, and second and third, attempt three each, and lastly four. —[Elizabethtown News.]

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Women's Love of Appreciation.

Woman was not made to live alone any more than man. All the ambitions of woman, whether of useful industry or of ornament, are subject to the approval and pleasure of the sterner sex to which their own are subordinate and on which they are founded. To descend to the humblest form of this feeling, every one knows that when a woman has arrayed herself in a pretty dress and new ribbons, or altro, the admiration of her female friends may give a degree of pleasure; it is as nothing compared to the light that comes into the eye of one whose smallest compliment is of more value than that of a thousand women; and this feeling, modified by the circumstances of individuals, runs through the whole sex and is part of the nature of their being, implanted in the heart by the Divine Artificer to produce the most delicious fruits that grow in the garden of human life.

Women by themselves require little to be comfortable; they can live without ostentation, bustle or form; neither in beauty or vainness nor in delicacy of food can they find happiness, so long as they have it to themselves alone. They require to please themselves. A kind of old man may, to be sure, be bitterly merry over their tea and gossip, and outwardly despise all men with profound disdain; but there is something very unnatural in that enjoyment, nor does any body suppose that the respectable spinster's heart bound with such sweet human delight at the compliment of her female friends in her neat room, her pet spaniel and strong tea, as the heart of the good wife when her husband tells her how nicely she has cooked his supper and how sweet and pretty she looks in the new dress. It matters not whether her husband be the master of a million, or a salaried clerk; whether his days be spent in the sports of the field, the denouement of a profession or the labor of a farm; the pleasure of a wife and the object of all her work is to have a table comfortably spread on her return, and to set that she enjoys the delicacies for the necessities which she has provided for him; whether the provisions be merely plain fare and a snow-white tablecloth, or the rich soup, the superb joint and the exquisite dessert, both women in their different positions look not to think not of what they are preparing only as far as it will go towards pleasing the lord and master of their homes and hearts.

MARRIAGE OF SENATOR WITHERS' DAUGHTER.—Last week Miss Ellie, ninth daughter of Senator Withers, of Virginia, in her nineteenth year, was married to Mr. Putney, a wealthy Boston widower of fifty or more summers. The bride is nearly six feet tall, of remarkable beauty and intelligence, able to talk politics, quoted John Stuart Mill, and ride an unmounted horse. The marriage of a daughter of Senator Withers has long been a regular annual occurrence, but it cannot be kept up much longer; there remains only two unmarried—Miss Willie and Miss Virginia Seaman. The latter was born on the day Virginia ceased. —[Petersburg Index Appeal.]

The latest wrinkle in fashion is the sending out of cards proclaiming the birth of a daughter or son. You may get them up as elegantly and expensively as you please; you will hardly ever be called upon to send them out sooner than two or three times a year.

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The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.,
Friday Morning, December 7, 1877.

W. H. WATSON, Editor

The President's Message.

The President's Message was delivered to Congress last Monday, that being the first day of the regular session. The document is pretty lengthy and starts out with a congratulation to his "fellow-citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives" on the wealth, peace and prosperity that now bless the country. He then enumerates the manifold good results of the policy of pacification, and expresses his determination to continue the good work. He intends that all means in his power to protect the lately emancipated race in all their rights and privileges under the Constitution, shall be extended in their behalf, and urges "upon those to whom heretofore the colored people have sustained the relation of bondmen, the wisdom and justice of human and liberal legal legislation with respect to their educational and general welfare, a firm adherence to the laws, both national and State, as to the civil and political rights of the colored people now advanced to full and equal citizenship. The immediate repression and sure punishment by the national and local authorities, within their respective jurisdictions, of every instance of lawlessness and violence toward them is required for the security alike of both races, and justly demanded by the public opinion of the country and the nation."

He is opposed to the repeal of the Resumption Act, and regards as pre-eminent the policy and measures which are designed to secure the restoration of the currency "to that normal and healthful condition in which by the resumption of specie payment our internal trade and foreign commerce may be brought into harmony with the system of exchange which is based upon the precious metals as the intrinsic money of the world in the public judgment." He is more than ever of the opinion that no legislation would be wise that should disarrange the importance or retard the attainment of the result expected by the resumption of specie payment. He pretends that the good of anavariable currency will be to the poor, while the rich and speculative will lose their profits by the fluctuations in the value of greenbacks.

The coining of silver next occupies his attention, and to it he devotes considerable space. He thinks that "any expectation of a temporary ease from an issue of silver coinage to pass as a legal-tender at a rate materially above its commercial value is, I am persuaded, a delusion;" and to pay any of the public debt which has been created since February 12th, 1873, in anything but gold coin is a violation of trust that will bring injury to the credit of the government, and respectfully recommends to Congress that in any legislation providing for a silver coinage and imparting to it the quality of legal-tender, there be represented in the measure a firm provision exempting the public debt heretofore issued and now outstanding from the payment, either of principal or interest, in any coinage of less value than the present gold coinage of the country.

He offers several suggestions on the revenue; among them a tax of two cents per pound on coffee and ten cents on tea. This, he says, will produce about twelve millions per annum, and allow the removal of taxes from all other articles except tobacco, spirits and malt liquors. He recommends changes in the laws to prevent the greatest of fraud now practiced.

In regard to Civil Service, he is anxious for an emphatic reform, and recommends the establishment of a commission to secure efficient methods in that direction. He recognizes the public advantage of making all nominations as nearly as possible impersonal, in the sense of being free from mere caprice or favor. In these directions and in these offices in which special training is of greatly increased value, he claims that such a rule as to the tenure of office should obtain as may induce men of proper qualifications to apply themselves industriously to the task of becoming proficient.

He next speaks of the peaceful relations between the United States and Foreign powers, and of Mexico speaks as follows: "While I do not anticipate the interruption of friendly relations with Mexico, yet I can not but look with some solicitude upon a continuance of border disorders, as exposing the two countries to the emotions of popular feeling and the mischieves of action, which are naturally unfavorable to complete quiet. Firmly determined, that nothing shall be wanting on my part to promote a good understanding between the two nations, I yet must ask the attention of Congress to the actual occurrences on the border, that the lives and property of our citizens may be adequately protected and peace preserved."

He congratulates the officers and soldiers of the army in the successful prosecution of the war against the Indians, and in the restoration of order among the rioters last July, when they acted with great prudence and courage in the discharge of a delicate

duty. Like the *Courier-Journal*, he is opposed to a reduction of the strength of the army.

As to Indian affairs, he thinks that a great deal of the trouble between the government and them is traceable to the failure of the government to perform its promise, and by acts of injustice on our part. He suggests the propriety of making claims out of good Indians that can show that they have supported their families for a number of years, and that every encouragement be held out to them looking to the improvement of their condition.

Reference to other minor matters is made, the Message closing with a strong plea for popular Education: "It is encouraging to observe," he says, "in connection with the growth of fraternal feeling in those States in which slavery formerly existed, evidences of increasing interest in universal education, and I shall be glad to give my approval to any appropriate measures which may be enacted by Congress for the purpose of supplementing with national aid the local system of education in these States, and all the States."

The message on the whole is an able State paper, but the people of the South and West have nothing but bankruptcy to look forward to if his abominable views on finance and currency are carried out. Hayes belongs to the money power and is joined to his idols.

BRIEFS.—The Legislature of Virginia is in regular, and that of Tennessee in extraordinary, session..... The new constitution carried in Georgia by 20,000 majority..... The Turks have captured Elena, with 11 guns, 20 ammunition wagons and 600 prisoners. The Russian loss is estimated at 3000 killed and wounded..... Justice Humphreys has decided that Patterson's privileges as a member of the Senate secure him from the reprobation of Gov. Hampton..... Smalls has given bail in \$50,000 and taken his case to the Supreme Court.

WHEN Eustis, (Dem.) of Louisiana, is admitted to his seat in the Senate, as it is assumed that he will be, it will then stand thirty-nine Republicans to thirty-seven Democrats, the latter including Senator Davis, of Illinois. Eustis' admission will complete the filling of every seat in the Senate, a thing that has not been known before since the Southern Senators withdrew in 1861.

SATURDAY last at 2:10, A. M., Butler, of South Carolina, and Kellogg, of Louisiana, were sworn in as Senators. The infamy of seating Kellogg will redound to the injury of the Republican party, that is, if anything can injure that decrepit and fast-decaying institution. But, it is another short lease on life to the men who are now catching at straws.

The Courier-Journal finding itself entirely unable to answer our arguments on the "Police Army" question, retired in disgust and went to counting the number of words in Hayes' Message. The heart of the public will best easier to know that there are 13,000.

THERE is a colored woman in London, Ky., who spits out snakes and other reptiles measuring as long as eight or nine inches. The colored population are frightened, and believe that the woman is possessed of the devil.

The German National Bank, of Chicago, the National Trust Company of New York, and the Peoples' Bank of Winchester, Ill., suspended yesterday, and yet Hayes adheres to the resumption bill.

THESE is good reason to believe that the C. S. R. R. will be completed to Crook's coal mines, in Pulaski, a distance of seventeen miles. The Common Carrier Company agrees to do it for \$141,126 75.

A FRIEND in human shape at Cleveland, O., shot ten balls into the body of a prostitute who refused to marry him. He is in jail, and says he has no regrets that he did the terrible deed.

HON. WM. ALLEN has published a card in the Cincinnati *Enquirer* emphatically refusing to be a candidate for senatorial honors. Gentleman George is therefore the coming man.

IT is feared that Sam Bowles, editor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, and one of the leading men of country, is at the point of death, with no hope of recovery.

To compete with the C. S. R. R., the Kentucky Central has put on an extra passenger train that unites the trip between Lexington and Cincinnati in four hours.

DURING the month of November two million twenty-six thousand, four hundred pieces of silver were coined. Value \$1,011,600. No gold or nickel was coined.

GEN. JNO. M. HARLAN has at last been confirmed a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States by the Senate, and will take his seat next Monday.

G. C. WHITRORN has passed through the crucible, and is now United States Attorney for the District of Kentucky.

A MAN named Jas. Allen committed suicide at Burgin Station, this week, by taking morphine.

NOTICE.

A Meeting of the Stockholders of the Farmers National Bank of Stanford, Ky., will be held in the office of said bank on

Second Tuesday in January, 1878.

For the purpose of electing Directors for the ensuing year.

J. B. OWENSBY, Cashier.

Respectfully,

O. M. WILLIAMS, (Signed)

Some Press Comments on the Message.

The President's views on the silver issue will not please any section of the country.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Mr. Hayes plainly shows that he is the bond-servant of the money kings, and that John Sherman is his keeper.—*Kansas City Times*.

The President stands like a wall of advancement between threatened financial chaos and the nation's credit and hope of renewed prosperity.—*Chicago Journal*.

Take the message throughout it will be regarded, with the exception of the Southern policy part, as sound in sentiment and plain and practical in tone.—*Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette*.

The people can expect nothing from this Administration for the present, but a continuance in the policy of the Wall-street wrecker and shark; but before a year elapses Mr. Hayes will dance to different music.—*Pittsburgh Post*.

If the first nine months of Mr. Hayes' administration are a sample of the whole, he will be known to history as the weakest, the most vacillating, the most unfortunate and unsuccessful President who, up to this time, has ever held that important office.—*N. Y. Herald*.

The President cannot expect and will not receive Western support in the stand he has taken upon the silver question. He has had time to study the temper of the people, and upon that point has cast his lot with those who desire to continue the fraud of 1873.—*Chicago Post*.

The message can not fail to prove a sad disappointment to the great majority of the people of the United States, in regard to the two questions which just now most deeply concern them. We refer, of course, to the repeal of the resumption act and the remonetization of silver as one of the coins of the Government.—*Knoxville Tribune*.

CASEY COUNTY NEWS

Middlebury.

DECEMBER 4, 1877.

Born on the 21st ult., to the wife of William Miller—a daughter.

Married, on the 22d ult., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. Ben F. Lawhorn, Mr. Joseph Hodge to Miss — Morris.

Rev. Mr. McDermott returned from Lexington last week, and preached at Mt. Olivet yesterday..... Mr. Henry Royal, returned to his home in Barren county, last week..... Mr. George E. Stone, came over from Somerset last week to attend Circuit Court..... Dr. James Williams has moved to his farm on the Trace Fork..... Mr. Hudnall of Lancaster, has moved into the house lately occupied by Dr. Williams, and has opened a blacksmith shop at McDaniel's old stand..... Several of our stock dealers went to Stanford today.

We call the attention of the public to the quality and prices of our Goods, the same can be seen and learned by calling and examining.

Remember the place.

HENRY COHEN,

I. X. L. Cash Store,

Opp. Myers' House.

NEW STORE!

NEW GOODS!

LOW PRICES!

Having just received a

LARGE AND WELL-SELECTED STOCK

FROM THE EAST.

We are prepared to sell Goods

Lower than any other House

IN TOWN.

Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Remember the stand is

THE OLD POST OFFICE,

On Lancaster Street.

BACK AGAIN

IN THE

PHOTOGRAPH CAR

AND

READY FOR BUSINESS.

EVERY STYLE

PICTURES MADE AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

NOTHING BUT BEST WORK DONE.

WHEAT & DUREE.

Successors to Wheat & Clemons.

200-41

NOTICE.

A Meeting of the Stockholders of the Farmers National Bank of Stanford, Ky., will be held in the office of said bank on

Second Tuesday in January, 1878.

For the purpose of electing Directors for the ensuing year.

J. B. OWENSBY, Cashier.

Respectfully,

O. M. WILLIAMS, (Signed)

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

I. X. L.

CASH STORE.

Cheapest Place in Town!

WINTER CLOTHING

A FINE ASSORTMENT

HEAVY KIP AND GALT

BOOTS AND SHOES

HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS,

VALLEES & GENTS' FUR GOODS.

WE ARE OFFERING

GREATER BARGAINS THAN EVER!

STANFORD, KENTUCKY

COMMERCIAL HOTEL !

STANFORD, KY

W. F. RAMSEY, Proprietor.

HOTELS.

LIVINGSTON HOTEL,

at Livingston Station, has good Stables and

Accommodation for Drivers

FIRST - CLASS HOTEL,

where horses will be kept at reasonable rates.

R. CARSON, Proprietor.

Having leased the Bruce House, the undersigned is again before the public and desires his patronage.

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SCARNOFF, N.Y.

TUESDAY MORNING, December 2, 1877.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

CITY OF NEWARK—State at Cincinnati.

1000 papers for sale at this office at 50cts. per hundred.

A TRUSTY supply of Vanities just received at Anderson & McRoberts.

WINDOW CLOTHES—Sashes at the lowest prices F. R. Cheneau.

Checks for every body—Prices from \$2 to \$10 at Cheneau's.

Buy your Books, Paper, Pens, Ink and Pencils at E. B. Cheneau's.

Powder and Shot, Caps and Wads for sale at Anderson & McRoberts.

WENSTON Glass and Pottery, at the lowest prices by Anderson & McRoberts.

J. H. & S. H. SPRINGER are just receiving and sending a new stock of goods.

To the E. B. Cheneau's for School Books. Large stock publishers' prices.

Headquarters of Santa Claus at the Drug Store of Anderson & McRoberts.

Look and see the largest stock of cloths ever brought to Stanford at Cheneau's.

Prints—call and settle accounts. We used the money. Bonus & Strode.

I HAVE for sale Fifty Tons of Jaded hay of a super-quality. JOHN BRIGHT.

J. H. & S. H. SPRINGER have a full line of Clothing for Boys and Youth from 3 to 15 years of age.

Look out for the arrival of a large stock of Toys and Christmas Goods at Anderson & McRoberts.

A pigment is in store for the children at Anderson & McRoberts! They know exactly what will please them.

W. B. McRoberts is in Cincinnati buying his Christmas Goods. Remember the big opening at Anderson & McRoberts' next week.

A beautiful assortment of the latest style Visiting Cards just received at this office. Twenty-five with your name printed on them for 25cts.

Mrs. B. Bright wishes her friends and patrons to know that she keeps at all times new and fashionable Millinery Goods. Her place of business can be found by her sign "Millinery and Dress Making."

A domestic wife, early rising children, and an early sitting out of Clothes are the greatest blessings on earth; the latter may be purchased at Julian Winter & Co., S. E. cor. 3d and Market sts., Louisville, Ky.

S. N. MURKIN, the best Merchant Tailor in Central Kentucky, has on hand, and is constantly receiving a splendid stock of goods for Fall and Winter wear. He works the best material only, and always guarantees it.

W. B. McRoberts is in Cincinnati buying his Christmas Goods. Remember the big opening at Anderson & McRoberts' next week.

Count JUDGE.—In another column will be found the announcement of Judge J. M. Phillips, as a candidate for County Judge. The Judge is a gentleman in every sense of the word, and being entirely qualified for the office we see no reason why he, in a big majority, should not be elected to the office to which he aspires.

He served us well as Police Judge in a most acceptable manner and showed that he was worthy of higher honors.

No one need complain that he is unable to supply himself with shirts, for it is a fact that you can get at a certain store in the city who would come to the help of thieves and murderers just as general principles, even though they are not friends of the ones accused. Prepare, then, and don't let there be a repetition of the Kennedy case at Lancaster. Forewarned is forearmed.

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The will of Maj. George Carpenter, was probated in the County Court last Monday. Adam W. Carpenter, son of the deceased, qualified as Executor. The will will be an equal division of the estate between his five children, charging each one with advancements made during his life time. Shortly before his death he decided to each of them a sum ranging in value from \$10,000 to \$15,000. The whole of the estate before the division, is estimated at from \$150,000 to \$200,000.

THE MURKINS.—We have so far been quoted the fanatical movement, but we understand that Stanford is down—the Murkins will be here next week. They have taken Cincinnati by storm, and the people there are so far gone that the meetings partake much of the nature of an old fashioned Methodist pentecost meeting, including a great amount of shouting. Woodson Ferrell went up there last Monday, and came back wearing the blue. He is thoroughly converted.

DR. L. R. VATES and family, left yesterday for Hiawatha, Kansas, where the doctor has purchased a drug store. Our citizens generally regret his departure, for Dr. Vates has been one of our best and most useful citizens, and one of the most esteemed members of the Methodist Church. We are glad to know that his business prospects are very flattering in his new home and especially hopeful for him a hearty welcome by the good citizens of the State of his adoption.

PERSONAL.—Miss Lucy Hooker is visiting her aunts, Mrs. Col. Miller, T. R. Walton Jr., and bride returned from their Eastern tour last Saturday, looking all the better for their trip. Mrs. C. C. Colman, Mrs. T. L. Clegg was summoned this week to the bedside of her dying mother, at Kalamazoo, Michigan. Mrs. M. J. Miller and Jack Adams, Jr., of Mt. Vernon, made a pleasant call last Monday. W. H. Roberts, Esq., is on a business visit to Cincinnati. Misses Rowan and Bettie Weatherford, two handsome and worthy ladies, left yesterday for Pewee Valley, this State, to remain some time.

RELIGION.—There will be preaching at all the churches here next Sunday.

No man wants into greatness by a single leap, nor does a slender jump into perfect holiness the moment he goes to the mount of heaven.

J. H. PEOPLES will, by request, repeat his sermon on Open Communion at White Oak School House next Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

REBELLION.—We never have seen the citizens of Stanford and Lincoln county so thoroughly aroused as they are present; and it does our heart good to witness it. They are tired of the daring deeds of murder and robbery that have been systematically carried on by a desperate band and around Crab Orchard, and are determined to put a stop to it. Our opinion as to the courage of S. H. Hickie, Deputy Sheriff, has undergone quite a change. He wants to do his duty, and if the citizens stand up to him, he will do it. Stand to him as you have in the last few days, and if the desperadoes of our country are not brought to justice, we are greatly mistaken.

USE MONEY FREE.—We will send the INTERIOR JOURNAL to new subscribers till January 1st, 1878, for the price of one year's subscription—\$2.00. We hope many will avail themselves of this offer and secure a paper that gives more local news than almost any in the State.

HIRIGARY AT MT. VERNON.—Through the kindness of our clever telegraph operator, Mr. F. J. Anthony, we learn that the stores of Jas. Vowels and Wm. Weber, at Mt. Vernon, were broken into on Wednesday night, but nothing is known to have been stolen but five or six dollars in cash. There had been no attempt to fast eve-

ning.

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.—We never have seen the citizens of Stanford and Lincoln county so thoroughly aroused as they are present; and it does our heart good to witness it. They are tired of the daring deeds of murder and robbery that have been systematically carried on by a desperate band and around Crab Orchard, and are determined to put a stop to it. Our opinion as to the courage of S. H. Hickie, Deputy Sheriff, has undergone quite a change. He wants to do his duty, and if the citizens stand up to him, he will do it. Stand to him as you have in the last few days, and if the desperadoes of our country are not brought to justice, we are greatly mistaken.

The important cases now occupying the attention of our county, Messrs. W. H. Miller, Judge M. C. Santer and Col. W. G. Welch are engaged for the prosecution, and Messrs. J. W. Alcorn and Brook Jones for the defense. Col. Welch will present Saunders, and Mr. Alcorn defend any Broodus.

CHANGE IN BUSINESS.—Dr. J. T. Bolton has sold his interest in the firm of Bolton & Stagg to his partner, S. Porter Stagg, who will hereafter continue the business in his own name. The old firm requests me to say that it is absolutely necessary that their oil affairs be settled, and that they now all intend to them will pay up at once. We understand that Dr. Bolton will leave in a few days for Kansas, with a view to his health.

TRY IT DOWN.—We notice that most of the lumber for the new sidewalk in the upper end of town is gone, and has been for several weeks. Are those who have the fixing of it waiting for mudier weather? If so, they needn't wait; it can't get much worse!

THE trial of John Saund for the murder of the unknown man near Rich Hill, in Casey county, last Spring, is set for next Monday at Liberty. We learn from those who have looked into the case that the circumstantial evidence connecting Saund with the murder could not be better.

RESCUE.—The man who sells two diamonds for one, wasn't here last Court, but was at Winchester the Monday before, taking in the people, as usual. It was forced to lay a fine here, and put in jail at Somerset, and it is more than likely that he will avoid these two places in future.

CRAB ORCHARD'S BIG ROBBERS.

ANNEST OF SAUNDERS, JAMES, PAUL BROADBENT, AND THREE NEDDIES, CHAMBERS, BROADBENT AND PAYNE ALSO CHARGED WITH THE CRUEL MURDER OF GEORGE MELDRUM, AND—LAST Saturday the store of Mr. Jim. Buchan, at Crab Orchard, was broken into and robbed of goods, hog, clover seed, and other valuables to the estimated amount of seven or eight hundred dollars. This produced great excitement, even in that town, that ought by this time to have gotten used to almost any thing, and some thirty soldiers joined the next day in search for the stolen goods. They were, however, unsuccessful, and on Monday Capt. T. L. Moore, a man of great courage and nerve, was appointed special deputy to work up the case. That night, with a posse of picked men, he began the search guided by his own convictions with regard to the robbers, and in the course of the night found nearly all of the goods on the farm occupied by George Saunders, hid under the cliff, and in corn shocks. Various neighbors invited in connecting the said Saunders, W. R. James, and others, who denoted themselves to be the off-spring of the wicked. The sermons were a retrospective summary of the inventions and improvements of this age of progress. The intense cold prevented many from going out, and family reunions absorbed the principal share of attention. Miss Maggie Lear entertained her classmates of Franklin Institute at her comfortable residence among the picturesque hills of Garrard county; but purple was the prevailing color of the nests that were brought back by their frozen owners in the twilight.

ROBBERY ON HOGSON.—While not dispising the bravery of any of the young men who have answered to the call of law and order, we desire to make honorable mention of the following: W. H. Miller, Rude Harris, Smith Merriam, Sam Baughman, Othello Marshall, Lucien Lasley, and others, whom we cannot now recall. The people should remember them.

We urge upon our officers the importance of being prepared for any emergency. There are a great many desperate men in the county who would come to the help of thieves and murderers just as general principles, even though they are not friends of the ones accused. Prepare, then, and don't let there be a repetition of the Kennedy case at Lancaster. Forewarned is forearmed.

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STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, December 7, 1877.

AN EMBROIDERED STOCKING.

SHE was very pretty—but there came a time when I didn't think I cared in the least for her beauty—her soul was so much more attractive than her body. She was no humble wild-flower maiden, but a woman who had received a magnificent dower of blue blood, including talent and the highest attributes of character, and all that culture could develop in a beautiful and intellectual woman was hers; all that wealth could bestow upon her she possessed. She had the good fortune to have no singularity of nature, but all was a symmetrical and harmonious whole.

I loved her, and I possessed the humbleness of true love. The more intimately I knew her, she made me conscious of things that were mean in myself. Out of this feeling grew jealousy of other men.

A bitter jealousy. She was of too sunny and generous a temper to pick for flaws, nor could she know a man as other men knew him.

She could not understand that Dr. Cosgrove was irritable in private as he was brave and agreeable in public, and I would not tell her that Capt. Langdale seldom pays his debts. They were but two of her many admirers, but they were both handsomer and shrewder than myself. In time, I was miserable on their account.

I cannot now, in cold blood, accuse her of coquetry, but Stephenie St. Jean was of French blood, on her father's side. Besides speaking that language perfectly, she had the French woman's secret of fascination. A trifle more in vivacity, when surrounded by gentlemen, made her utterly irresistible.

I saw and felt the charm, and could not content myself with the thought that in the quiet hours we passed together I knew myself dear to her. Many a winter evening had we sat together on the little velvet sofa before the drawing-room fire, secure from intrusion; her beautiful head resting on my breast, content in her eyes, happiness in her smile. And yet swearing her to be the proudest and most delicate of women, I was madly jealous of other men.

For months I would not see her alone. She was one of a large family, and she had a favorite cousin, Lily Lawton, who was her constant companion.

She was very young, and a bright, sweet little thing; but of late she had seemed drooping, as if out of health and Stephenie had been unusually protective and kind.

For Stephenie's sake I often took Lily out to drive, through her exertions simplicity often bore me.

I could not but wonder that Stephenie was associated with her so constant ally; but Lily worshipped her magnificient cousin, and the latter delighted in being kind to those weaker than herself. "Kitten," she called Lily, and there had been something especially kittenish in the girl's room, bright gray eyes, and playful gracefulness.

Her special charm was gone now. She was a pale, faded, spiritless little thing. Stephenie kept her constantly under her wing.

"Kitten must have green fields and pastures new," she said. "The May suns are getting strong, and I, too, long for a country trip. We are going to Branchville, and shall be absent a week. Mind you are a good boy till we come back."

I smiled, not on the wrong side of my face.

"A week?" I murmured.

"A week and one day," she laughed.

"I shall be gray-headed when you come back," I said smiling at my own vexation.

She laughed more gaily than ever; then a shadow fell over her face.

"It is for Lily's sake," she whispered. "Look at her."

Lily lay in a hammock on the piazza, her hands lying listlessly on her lap, not a shade of color in her cheek.

The thought came to me that the child was bound for the land of shadows.

She must have help soon," said Stephenie.

"Yes, I answered.

I saw them off in the morning train, Kitten with her cheek on Stephenie's shoulder. I carried the picture they made before my eyes all the week—my magnificent, generous, brilliant supporting the failing strength of that pale, fair-faced child. And I had never loved her better in my life than in this new phase.

A week and a day, Stephenie bat and sail; therefore I had no expectation of seeing her, when, at the end of five days, I entered the drawing-room of her father's house to find an opera glass that I had left there.

I had told the servant at the hall door what my errand was, and that I knew just where to look for the glass. But on the threshold of the apartment my steps were arrested by the sound of Stephenie's voice.

A rust of delicate went over me. I was about to spring forward, when I discovered that Stephenie was seated in the sleeve of an armchair beside a gentleman.

I stood irresolute. A curtain of blue silk fell across the upper part of the figures, but upon it their shadows lay as they sat against the sunny window beyond, and plainly outlined Stephenie's beautiful head and Capt. Langdale's profile.

I did not mean to be a listener to their conversation, but as I demurred about going forward I distinctly heard Stephenie say:

"I love you utterly, with all my heart. I am not ashamed to say this, because you will never see me again."

She continued talking, but her voice faded away in a low monotone, and I realized my position and stumbled backward out of the room and found myself in the street, going dizzily home. Like some mad thing I rushed to my room and hid myself from all eyes.

I remember throwing myself upon a couch and then starting up and walking the room, looking at my pale face in the glass, taking up books and opening as if to read them, doing all sorts of unintentional things in a mechanical way, trying not to think of the revelation that had come to me, because it seemed that I should go mad if I did. But a haunting voice was crying in my ear, "Stephenie! lost Stephenie!"

"No, no, she is mine!" I cried, in despair. "I have loved her so long and so well, and she is my only darling! What could I do without her? Oh, God! what can I do?"

For the truth would not be gainsaid, and must be faced. With mine own ears I had heard her say to another man, "I love you," and what I may have murmured in moments of impatience, I knew in my soul that Stephenie St. Jean was no coquette.

Capt. Langdale had been ordered to his regiment, and she had probably returned home to bid him farewell. A soldier's life is always in peril, and in the moment of parting Stephenie had confessed to him what I had never suspected.

Heaven knows that I had no reason; and I had good cause to think differently. She had never plighted her troth to me, but by word and look and sweet privileges she had accepted my love, and I had such utter faith in her truth that the possibility of her deceiving me had never occurred to my mind. The warmest and tenderest intimacy existed between us, and yet she had never given her promise to marry me.

Sick at heart, I realized it now, reviewing the past in the hallow light of my sudden discovery. I was a lawyer, and in the long hours of that utterly sleepless night I studied the case untiringly as if it had not been my own.

The sun was setting across the water. The waves danced blood-red in its light. The air had grown cool, and a pair of singing shore birds flew before me as I sought a favorite seat of mine, retired among the rocks.

I had not composed my mind, when there was a rustle of silk, and a soft hand was laid on my arm.

"Forrest!"

"Stephenie!"

"You know I am here, now, and I have come to speak to you."

She sat down close beside me, facing me, her arm across my knee, her clear eyes steadily meeting mine, and before she spoke a word, I took that fair hand tenderly, feeling that she was to be restored to me.

"Forrest, I have been here a week, wishing to see you, yet repelled by your determined seclusion. If the old woman called Aunt Betsy, who frequents this place, had not told me tonight that accident had revealed my presence to you, I should have lost my last remnant of courage, and returned home without speaking to you."

"What have you to say to me now, Stephenie?"

"You overheard me talking, as you supposed, to Capt. Langdale, Forrest. I was reading a letter."

"I have a startling story to tell. Listen. All the spring my cousin Lily's malady had seemed strange to me. I could not understand her loss of strength and color, until I learned by occupying the next apartment to her at Branchville, that she spent her nights in weeping. While I wondered that she should have a secret trouble from me, and perplexed myself how to gain her confidence, I entered her room one morning, and found it to be full of a strange sickness, while Lily lay senseless upon the bed. She had taken an opiate powerful enough to produce death, and upon the table lay two letters. One was addressed to me, the other to Captain Langdale.

"As soon as I had procured assistance, and a physician's help had saved her life, I read the letter to the poor child addressed to me. Poor Kitten! her heart was breaking, for she had set it upon one hand, and she believed that he loved me. I am sure of it, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown that we have been excessively ill."

This passionate, incoherent letter I directed to her, then called my valet.

"Pierre, pack some trunks. We will go down to Black Rock for the summer."

The man stared.

"Pardon, Monsieur, it is very dull down there. No gunning, no fishing, and no young ladies!"

"And consequently no waiting-maids to you, to cook!" I answered, with a drowsy attempt at ease and lightness of spirits.

But the fellow still looked at me.

"Monsieur looks very ill. I will tell the doctor call on you, and, if he consents, we will go to that horrid place tomorrow."

"Nonsense! I shall be well enough after a bath and some breakfast. Don't be importunate, Pierre. We start on the 10 o'clock train."

Black Rock was not frequented by fashionable society; this was my only reason for choosing it. The Neptune House, where I took up my abode, was a large, rambling, old-fashioned inn, not the least in the world like a modern seaside hotel.

My valet, of course, arranged all the conveniences of my life, consequently I did not know the dark-skinned old woman who one day presented herself at the door of my apartment, a tender heart; he was selected to

with a long, covered basket upon her arm. My man was dusting a coat upon the back of the piano.

"There is some one at the door, Pierre," I said to him as I sat at the window with a book which I was not reading.

"It is the washwoman. She is a very nice laundress, Monsieur."

"Yes," I said, indifferently. "Pay her."

He received the curiously covered basket, settled the bill and the woman departed.

Pierre prepared to arrange my linen by opening a bureau drawer. I turned a page of my book as he withdrew the white cloth from the basket, when my attention was again arrested by his exclamation:

"Mon Dieu! Laces, ruffles."

"What is the matter, Pierre?"

"These are ladies' things. Here is a wrapper with fluted ruffles, white skirts, and—ha, ha!—embroidered stockings. Mees Betsy, Mees Betsy, come back."

He dropped the basket on the floor and rushed after the old woman. I glanced within and saw a mass of sunny lace and embroidery beautiful as a bed of lillies. The clothing was too dainty and expensive to belong to any but a lady. And I wondered idly who the owner might be. In one corner was a pile of hose. The stockings were not all white—one pair was of cream color, with a silk embroidery of buds and vines; and while I was carelessly considering how and where such exquisite needlework was done, the thought flashed across me that I had seen that very pattern of silken rosebuds on Stephenie St. Jean's foot.

My hand trembled. I dropped my book as Pierre came rushing back with the panting old woman.

"Yes, I have left the wrong basket. The other, outside, is yours, sir. Hope you'll excuse me. I'm getting old and forgetful."

"Stay! I snif, breathlessly. "Whom are the lady's things for?"

"For the young lady down stairs who came last week, sir—Miss St. Jean. I'll take them away directly."

Unclenching the wondering eyes of the two, I snatched up a handkerchief on which I saw a name marked. Yes, it was "Stephenie!"

I grew faint and turned away to hide my emotion. My hand shook as I snatched up my hat and rushed out of doors.

The sun was setting across the water. The waves danced blood-red in its light. The air had grown cool, and a pair of singing shore birds flew before me as I sought a favorite seat of mine, retired among the rocks.

I had not composed my mind, when there was a rustle of silk, and a soft hand was laid on my arm.

"I have the right side under the edge of the silk, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side, the patient is rarely able to sit on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt round the shoulder-blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder and is sometimes mistaken for a rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constipated, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he easily fatigued, his complexion is pale, his skin is dry, his eyes are dull, his pulse is weak, and his respiration rapid; his tongue is thick, his skin is yellowish, and his urine is dark-colored."

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